

The Academy and Literature

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Literary Notes

I HEAR that the late Duke of Cambridge left a number of volumes of a carefully written diary, full of interesting matter. His Majesty the King has given permission for their publication, subject, of course, to the necessary revision.

THE first volume of "Epochs of Irish History" will be "Pagan Ireland," by Miss Eleanor Hull, and the second, "Early Christian Ireland," by the same writer, will be followed by "Ireland under the Northmen." The volumes are primarily intended for young folk, and the larger part of the first two has in fact been given in the form of lectures to classes of young Irish people.

A propos of the Hundred Best Books, the "Book Monthly" asks "What would lists of the Second-Best Hundred Books, or of the Hundred Most Popular Books, be like?" What, indeed? Or perhaps someone will compile for us a list of the Hundred Worst Books, though it would be wise to exclude living authors. The simple truth of the whole thing is that every reader must select for himself—or herself—those books which make the closest personal appeal, and need not feel bound to read all the works of all the authors who are household names. It would be interesting to take one hundred educated, fairly well read people and to find out how many of them had read, say, "The Faërie Queen," "Paradise Lost," any of Burke's works, and any of Mr. George Meredith's novels. The result would probably be startling.

I QUESTION whether Hawthorne is much read in this country; "The Scarlet Letter" is known by name to most people, but personally I know of few who have read it. Yet Hawthorne is, on the whole, the finest fruit so far of American literature, and it is to be hoped that the interest aroused in the man by the centenary of his birth may extend to his works. In these days of strenuous fiction it is wholesome and refreshing to turn back to such a writer as Hawthorne; he did not neglect the depths of human nature, but there is a freshness and purity in his

greater stories which are lacking in too much of the work of to-day. But then Hawthornes are few and far between. The writer of the article from which I quote later on overestimates the "fairy" strain



THE LATE MR. G. F. WATTS IN HIS STUDIO, LIMNERSLEASE,
FEBRUARY 1896

[From the *Easter Art Annual*, 1896 (*Virtue*)]

in Hawthorne's writings, yet there is much truth in this:

"Fancy and Truth stood each by the cradle of Hawthorne a hundred years ago; but Fancy came five minutes earlier to the christening, else had she never gotten the advantage. There are passages in the Note-books to prove that he could have rivalled Zola on his own ground, had he chosen to do so. We have only to compare the description of the drowned girl whose body he helped to find with the description of the finding of the body of Zenobia, to see that, if he withheld, in a work destined for the public eye, those details which Realists adore, it was for reasons other than because he had not observed them. When he was writing for himself, Truth got the upper hand. She makes the sober pages of the Note-books to certain people in certain moods even more delightful than those which Hawthorne meant that they should read."

WHEN we take into account the large number of serious magazines and reviews which are now published it is matter for wonder that the standard of merit of the articles in them is maintained so high. In "The Monthly Review" there is a curious paper upon "The Questionable Shapes of Nathaniel Hawthorne," which is full of suggestion if not of conviction. Here are some quaint remarks upon philanthropists and the "Blithedale Romance":

"The philanthropist is a modern development; there are no philanthropists in Shakespeare. Society is on his side—one reason, probably, why poets are not. His fellow mortals, the poets excepted, admire, adore, are ready to do everything but imitate him. Women will imitate and even marry him; but they die of the effort, inasmuch as they cannot kill that in themselves which belongs to the poets, and the poets are left lamenting over their graves and cursing the philanthropists."

THERE is a little-known periodical entitled "Occasional Papers," published (price 6d.) at 3 Lansdowne Crescent, Bournemouth, which should be well known. It is unconventional in many ways, also in many ways interesting. The issue for June contains several good pieces, notably a paper on "Thomas Hardy and the Wessex Novels," by Clive Holland. I should like to quote the whole of it, but, not being at liberty to do so, will content myself with the following passage, which will be of interest to those who study fiction topographically:

"Although he has studied his characters and their background so closely that identification of the latter becomes a matter of no great difficulty to one well acquainted with the counties in which the scenes are laid, he has on occasion availed himself of the novelist's privilege to idealise, and even sometimes to combine two or more places under one description. As an example, we have the Welland House—Lady Constantine's home—of 'Two on a Tower,' which is partly Charborough House, near Winterborne, and partly an old mansion, now a farmhouse, near Millborne St. Andrew. In like manner the Column (the Tower of the story), which plays so important a part in the novel, is, as regards situation and surroundings, that standing within half a mile of the farmhouse in the midst of a tree-clad hill called Weatherbury Castle; while as regards architecture, formation, and accessibility it is rather the one placed on the rising ground amid the trees near Charborough. But in each of the Wessex novels the reader is kept within a definite sphere of action and interest, and, in consequence, to all intents and purposes, the county of Dorset, so largely described, has come to be known as Wessex."

"THE FORTNIGHTLY" this month is scarcely so interesting as usual, that is to say judged from THE ACADEMY

standpoint. There is Mr. Beerbohm Tree's paper on "The Humanity of Shakespeare," which says again what oft was said before, and an amusing article by Mrs. John Lane on the Temporary Power wielded by Minor Officials. Perhaps some day this writer will give us a paper upon the Temporary Fame of Minor Poets, Novelists and Critics, which, however, for her peace sake had best be left unsigned.

MR. STANLEY WEYMAN, who in his story "The Long Night" made use of incidents in the history of Geneva, has received a gratifying present from several prominent citizens of that city in the shape of an address and a bronze statuette of Calvin. The Author quotes two paragraphs from the address, of which I append the second:

"The statuette of Calvin is no unbecoming ornament for the writing table of one whose works, like yours, are founded on that vast Anglo-Saxon influence which has in every part of the world cherished the religious and political views of the Reformer, views of faith and liberty which have become for you the foundation and the inspiration of your art."

A REMARKABLE story is told in the life of Colum Wallace, whose poems have just been published by the Gaelic League in Dublin. He was born, it is said, in 1796, and lived as mason and sawyer in various parts of Ireland for a century. About three years ago his second wife died, and he was forced to take refuge in the Workhouse of Oughterard, in County Galway, whence, on August 1, 1903, he was taken by the kindness of some readers of the Gaelic paper, "An Claidheamh Soluis"; and now, says his editor, he is living, hale and hearty, in a cottage in Oughterard, and has written an introductory poem for the volume of his verse, published when he is aged 108. We are not told what evidence can be procured as to the real date of his birth; but even if the date given is not quite accurate, his story could not very well be matched in literary history. An Irish preface has been written for the little volume by Dr. Douglas Hyde, who is particularly pleased with one of the poems, "Abhran an tae"—("The Song of Tea")—a dialogue spoken by a husband and wife, while they are picking potatoes, as to the relative merits of tobacco and tea, to which they are respectively enslaved. The rest of the poems—there are about twenty—are without any very peculiar merit; yet they have a good deal of the charm and simplicity that are to be found in most of the Gaelic poetry of the Irish peasantry.

DURING the last year the National Gallery of Ireland has been more than doubled in size by the addition of fourteen new rooms for the exhibition of pictures, a library, and various offices connected with the work of the staff. A new catalogue has been issued recently on the plan adopted for the London National Gallery, and now forms an excellent guide to the collection. The policy of the directors has been, I believe, to procure the best pictures of less important painters rather than the less important pictures of the best painters; and the result more than justifies their method. Among the works that no visitor will forget are a curiously whimsical violinist, by Raffaellino del Garbo—a picture that, though faded and discoloured, preserves an extraordinary charm—and a village school, by Jan Steen, which is full of character and humour. The section of the building devoted to the Historical and Portrait Gallery has peculiar local interest, and, with many portraits of

value, contains a number of plans and pictures that illustrate Dublin life in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Many interesting autographs are also exhibited.

At the Commencements the other day, in Trinity College, Dublin, honorary degrees were conferred on Miss Jane Barlow, the well-known writer, and two other ladies. The occasion was an interesting one in the history of Irish University life, as it gave effect, for the first time in public, to the new rules by which women are admitted to nearly all degrees, examinations, and lectures in Trinity College. It may be added that at the Entrance Examination, which took place a few days earlier, a lady, Miss Olive Purser, came out in the highest place, beating her male competitors by a percentage of four marks. It is not impossible that ladies may give Trinity College the new intellectual impetus of which, some have said, it is rather in need.

THOSE in search of a suitable memorial and account of the work of Mr. G. F. Watts could not do better than obtain a copy of the "Art Annual" (Easter, 1896), of which I believe a few copies remain, written by Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). The plates, in the copy by me, are very good, notably Love and Life and Hope.

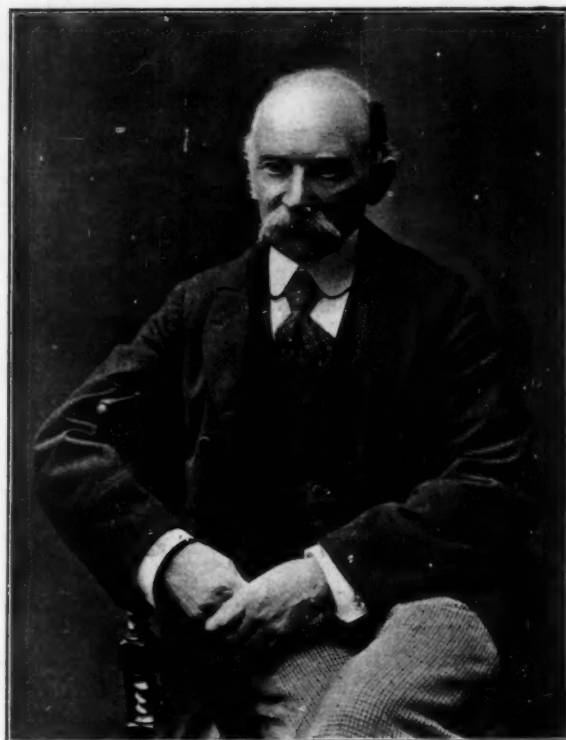
THE second number of "Arts and Crafts" fully bears out the fine promise of the first; the interesting papers upon Modelling from Life, by Professor Lanteri, are concluded, a series of articles on the Training of our Illustrator are commenced, and the illustrations are again excellent and practical. The art lover and student is indeed well provided for now-a-days; "The Connoisseur" gives the first of a series on George Morland, The Man and the Painter, by Mr. Martin Hardie, well illustrated. The "Burlington Magazine" is, as usual, full of good matter and fine illustrations.

Bibliographical

THERE are some excellent stories in Canon Tetley's "Old Times and New" (Fisher Unwin), and very few of them are chestnuts. I recognise as old friends the anecdote of the Bishop and the watch (page 93) and the "ab ovo usque ad mala" jest (page 224); on page 308, also, there is a story about the "Via Sacra" which ought to be attributed, not vaguely to "a Benchet," but to Sir George Rose, of whom, on the following page, we have an anecdote ("Service at home was good service") which is spoiled in the telling. Of Sir George—whose reputation as a wit is not one-tenth as great as it ought to be—Canon Tetley tells a story which is new to me: "He was staying at a provincial hotel, and, hearing a good deal of noise below him, asked the waiter what was going on. The man replied that it was the annual dinner of the Pawnbrokers' Association. 'Ha!' cried Sir George, 'I thought I heard them *pledging* one another.'" Sir George's wit was as ready as it was neat. Introduced to two young ladies named respectively Maria and Louisa, he bowed and said, "Ah, yes! Marie-Louise—the sweetest *pear* I know!" This, and other admirable quips, may be found by the judicious in the twenty-ninth volume of "Macmillan's Magazine"—also, in a volume called "Modern Anecdotes" (1886).

When the latest pension list came out, many probably would be puzzled by the inclusion in it of Miss Henrietta

Keddie, whose identity with "Sarah Tytler" is known to few. Miss Keddie is in her sixty-eighth year, and has been doing literary work for at least forty-four years. Her first "hit" was made in 1862, when she published her "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," which has run into many editions. The latest of these, I believe, appeared in 1898. Her most popular story, unquestionably, was "Citoyenne Jacqueline," a tale describing "woman's lot in the great French Revolution." This dates from



MR. THOMAS HARDY

[Photo. Russell, Baker Street]

1865, and a new edition of it was issued so recently as 1902. Next in popularity to this I should place "The Huguenot Family," "St. Mungo's City," and "Noblesse Oblige." I cannot honestly say that Miss Keddie's works have ever given me any intellectual satisfaction; but I believe they have had a considerable vogue, and I am quite sure that their effect on their readers has invariably been wholesome.

No doubt we shall have in due course a biography of George Frederick Watts; but, in the meantime, he has not been without literary celebration. Eight years ago Miss Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady) wrote the above-mentioned monograph on "his life and work," published by Virtue. Then came in 1901 a booklet by C. T. Bate-man in the "Miniature Series of Painters," followed last year by the Rev. Hugh Macmillan's discourse on the "Life-Work" of the artist. Still more recently we have had in the "Little Books on Art" series an account of the deceased master by Miss R. E. D. Sketchley. Mr. G. K. Chesterton has also written lately a little book in which Watts emerges occasionally from the cloud of Chestertonian reflections in which he is otherwise immersed.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews

Loose Leaves

NEW SAYINGS OF JESUS AND FRAGMENT OF A LOST GOSPEL FROM OXYRHYNCHUS. Edited, with Translation and Commentary, by Bernard P. Grenfell, D.Litt., and Arthur S. Hunt, D.Litt. With one Plate and the Text of the "Logia" discovered in 1897. (Published for the Egypt Exploration Fund by Henry Frowde. 1s. net.)

It was in 1897 that on the site of the ancient city of Oxyrhynchus, 120 miles south of Cairo, was found, by the present collaborators, the fragment published by them under the title "Sayings of Our Lord." Resuming in 1903 their labours on the same site, they were rewarded by two finds of no less importance. These are here printed with a transcription into cursive Greek script, in which the lacunæ are conjecturally supplied, English translation and critical notes.

The first is a collection of five Sayings introduced with the sentence:

"These are the (wonderful?) words which Jesus the living (Lord) spake to . . . and Thomas, and he said unto (them), Everyone that hearkens to these words shall never taste of death."

The first and fourth of the Sayings inscribed on the papyrus fragment are closely allied to sayings recorded in the canonical Gospels, and the editors have with obvious probability been able to supply the lacunæ from parallel passages; but the second, third, and fifth are for the most part entirely new; and, though the general sense may be caught, the restorations are rather hazardous. Especially difficult is the second, which is also the most important. It is concerned with the doctrine of the Kingdom, and its purport, as it is ingeniously reconstructed here, is a double indication of the way (1) through the creature, and (2) by interior searching: the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea draw men into it; yet it is within, and "whoever shall know himself shall find it."

This fragment is probably contemporary with the "Logia" found in 1897, and the excavators are of opinion that the two fragments may be portions of a single work. The mention of the name of St. Thomas, the apostle, suggests the question whether we are to suppose, on the part of the writer, a post-resurrectional point of view. The fact that in the canonical Gospels St. Thomas is prominent only in connection with an incident in the great forty days naturally suggests such an hypothesis; but the editors reject it principally on the ground that the Gospel that bore his name was (so far as can be judged) a gospel of the sacred childhood. They think that the compiler, in making use of this name, intended no more than to imply that the ultimate authority for the record of these sayings was St. Thomas. With regard to date, the year 140, which they proposed as a probable *terminus ad quem* in the case of the "Logia," they suggest with still greater confidence in the case of the present collection. And they do not favour the hypothesis, advanced by some critics as an account of the earlier find, that the Sayings are extracts from one or more of the numerous extra-canonical gospels which are known to have circulated in Egypt in the second century; rather they believe them to have been comprised in an independent collection. Both they incline to consider

"fragments of our Lord's Sayings in a form which has been influenced to some extent by the thought and literature of the apostolic and post-apostolic age, and which may well itself have influenced the Gospel of Thomas and perhaps others of the heretical Gospels, but which is ultimately connected in a large measure with a first-class source other than that of any of the Canonical Gospels."

They point out, further, that on this hypothesis the analogy of this collection has an obvious bearing on the question of the sources of the Synoptic Gospels, and that the mystical and speculative element in the early records of Christ's sayings which found its highest and most widely accepted expression in St. John's Gospel may well have been more general and less peculiarly Johannine than is generally taken for granted.

The "Fragment of a Lost Gospel" is inscribed on eight pieces of a papyrus in roll form. The most interesting part of it is an account of a question put to our Lord by his disciples and the answer. Two interesting parallels to it are known. It may be convenient to present all three versions here in tabular form:

FRAGMENT OF A
LOST GOSPEL.

His disciples say unto Him, When wilt thou be manifest to us, and when shall we see thee? He saith, When ye shall be stripped and not be ashamed.

GOSPEL ACCORDING
TO THE EGYPTIANS.

When Salome asked when those things about which she questioned should be made known, the Lord said, When ye trample upon the garment of shame; when the two become one, and the male with the female neither male nor female.

SECOND EPISTLE OF
CLEMENT.

For the Lord himself being asked by some one when his kingdom should come, said, When the two shall be one, and the outside as the inside, and the male with the female neither male nor female.

It is clear that the Gospel of which we have here a fragment, even if it is not to be identified either with the Gospel according to the Egyptians or with the collection of Sayings used by the author of the Second Epistle of Clement, at least belongs to the same sphere of thought. It is of more importance to remark that it affords fresh ground for supposing that at least a kernel of truth is in the heart of the story—that our Lord did actually say something of the kind. It now takes its place among the better attested of the sayings ascribed to Him outside the New Testament.

It only remains for us to acknowledge our appreciation of the devotion of Dr. Grenfell and Dr. Hunt, and of the critical skill and acumen which they have brought to bear upon the difficult problems presented to them.

The Poetry of Italy

NAPLES. By A. and S. Fitzgerald. (Black. 20s. net.)

"NAPLES lies like a shield between the land of Homer and of Virgil, of dim traditions and earth-bound mysteries, and the land of whose history Vesuvius has silently kept the record." So writes Mrs. Fitzgerald in this art book, in which the charm, the colour, and character of Naples are so vividly portrayed by Mr. Fitzgerald. The pages—pictures and text alike—are

sun-steeped, and glow across the cool green and grey of an English summer with the opulent splendour of that city, terraced above a Southern sea in the sinister smoke-cloud of Vesuvius. Naples has not the glamouring beauty of Venice of the Lagoons, nor the Renaissance artistry of Florence in its fair setting of the Val d'Arno. This classic and semi-Oriental town has a touch of the melodramatic in the sharp revulsions of its history, the complex and contradictory elements of its people, and the challenge of its superb location. It is full of contrasts in its broad sea spaces, its narrow, sunless streets; its blue of cloudless skies, its pall of volcanic smoke; its mirth and misery, its cries for charity, its gifts of song and dance. Its climate has removed the barriers of walls, and the common people give out-of-door expression to their pleasures and their passions, from the fluttering of a fan to the flash of steel.

Unlike most books of this class, where the letterpress is but an accompaniment to the pictures, Mrs. Fitzgerald has shaped into fine literary form her impressions of Naples. There is perspective, colour, and harmony in her word-pictures of this bizarre and baffling town, with its Greek traditions, its Arab and Spanish influences, and the trail of memories of the dynasties which have claimed and lost its glorious sea-coast. Though the author has a scholar's familiarity with her subject, she has refrained from many historical allusions and left her readers to wish that she had evoked with her creative touch the right Imperial figures of the Hohenstaufen line, the faithless Anjou House overtaken by avenging shadows, and the shaking Bourbons on their tottering throne. But much she has given: the Saint days of the churches, the deathless gods and drunken fauns of the Museum, the crudely-bright street crowds, the brass-bedecked donkeys of the decorated carts, the villas, gardens, and fountains. Space fails to consider her estimate of the Neapolitans; the poor, proud *noblesse* in their fetters of inherited ideas and ancient ceremonial; the bourgeoisie in their careless, uncultured comfort; and the merry, melancholy, mercurial people, swayed by the Church, the Lotto and the Camorra; avid of pleasure, averse from work, disowning the heritage of their past, but vaguely sympathetic towards the progressive movements of the day.

Along the road from Naples to Castellamare we have glimpses of the high-perched towns and mouldering mediæval towers, as that of Torre del Greco, whose coral trade so binds Africa and Italy that the atmosphere is exotic and Eastern. Against Pompeii, keeping in its silent streets of centuries' death the very smile and colour-flush of life, we have Sorrento in its summer aspect, with sun-smitten blue waters, fragrance of orange-groves and sensuous fulness of joy. Pæstum gives another beauty with the Greek temples lifting their columns from the desolation of the marsh against the sailless sea. Amalfi stirs wistful memories with its picture of the terrace of the Cappucini Hotel—known to us as the Monks' Walk—remembered in sunset's crimson flooding and the moon's white tides. The author flashes on us the ancient greatness of Amalfi, with its fleet riding in its harbour waiting wind to fill its sails for assault on its fierce rival Salerno. The islands, Ischia under its tragic shadow, and Capri beloved of sun and artists, are portrayed with individual charm.

The pictures would require a long review to do them justice—charming in conception and admirable in execution: street views, sea vistas, cathedral interiors, bits framed in leafy pergolas, palms, olives, and oleanders, old gates and fountains, with figure studies of beggars, bersaglieri and dancers.

The book is Italian from the twinkling of its fire-flies in the purple night to the illimitable blue of its summer skies.

L. STUDDIFORD MCCHESENEY.

Religious Morocco

THE SHAIKS OF MOROCCO IN THE XVIITH CENTURY.

By T. H. Weir. (Morton: Edinburgh.)

A VOLUME difficult to classify. No enlightenment comes from the title-page, but the introduction states that "these sketches . . . are from the pen of a contemporary writer . . . IBN ASKAR" (*sic*). But the manner in which we receive them from his pen is not indicated, and throughout the reader is left uncertain whether he is perusing Ibn Askar or his "Editor-translator," since the disjointedness of the bibliographical notes of which the work consists has been "obviated, and the interest of the tale enhanced, by stringing the sketches upon the thread of the history of the period" (Intr. p. xlv.). The outcome is therefore rather a series of anecdotes compiled from Ibn Askar than a translation of his "Daûhat En-nashir," written about 1575, and published last in Fez in 1891. A straightforward translation with notes would have been of greater value.

These anecdotes relate to the "holy men" with whom the writer, himself a kâdi, had come in contact; forming one of the many such Mohammedan "Lives of the Saints." To the general reader the interest lies in the pictures of the little-known religious life of Islâm conveyed thereby, Mr. Weir's introduction to which is eminently practical and apposite. Without this, indeed, the volume would be "caviare to the general," but with it the danger lies in its conveying an impression that the Moors are a more deeply religious people than they are. All, it is true, most highly reverence the class described, both alive and dead, but a very small proportion is moved to sit at their feet. They and their disciples are, however, by no means a negligible quantity, for to a great extent they sway the nation. It is only when they come in contact with a really strong, self-seeking Muslim that they fail, and hasten to fall into line. They are necessarily the most bigoted and narrow-minded of the people, since their "education" is confined to the verbal study of the Korân and its commentaries, everything outside the pale of which is taboo. "Clearly," as Mr. Weir puts it:

"Any one who has spent some ten years of the most precious years of his life in committing a book to memory must either believe that that book contains the sum of human knowledge, or else that he has wasted his life."

That the latter alternative is not entertained is shown by the devotion of several times as many years to arriving at an understanding of that volume, the object being not to obtain information,

"Although that is implied, but to produce an elevated and semi-ecstatic condition of mind; and the knowledge of God which is hoped for is not so much a mental or sensuous perception as a sense of union of soul with God. Union with God (*Wisdâl*) is the highest aim of the mystic, and he who attains to a sense of it is said to 'know God,' or simply to know."

But all this study is not essential to this end, as witness the *ward* or motto of a female saint buried near Laraiche, whose merit consisted in her successful prayer that from a beauteous damsel she might be transformed into a hideous negress, in order that she might attend on one of these holy men, her natural form returning at night—"God knows Maimônah and Maimônah knows God." "Throw away thy book, and dig in the soil of thy soul," says one of the worthies quoted.

There is nothing, of course, unique in this teaching, common to most, if not to all, religions, but its Mohammedan form is perhaps less known than others. Mr. Weir translates *wisāl* in one place AT-ONE-MENT (*sic*), but in this he is hardly justified, as it really means corporate union, or as the Christian phrase is, communion. The title of El Jazūli's "Dalil el Khairāt" would also be better rendered "Guide to" than "signs of" "Good Works." An acquaintance with Morocco would have prevented such a blunder as Sheeāzmah for Shiādhmah, as though the Moors had a Persian instead of an Arab pronunciation. The gate of Tetuan called "Rabooz" is really "Báb Ramooz."

Impressed, apparently, by the Arab method of writing books from right to left, the editor has so arranged his appendices, the chronological order of the genealogical tables being D, B 2, and B 1! At one point the first is confused, two or three individuals appearing twice in different branches; and another Oriental trait is giving the years of the deaths of Ameers instead of their dates of accession. One or two Scotticisms betray the nationality of the translator, as "to lift a deposit" and putting books "past," while in a work of lasting interest it seems rather out of place to read that in comparison with so-and-so "the difference between a free-trade and a protectionist-country is a mere bagatelle." But these and others that might be noted are trifling blemishes in what is after all a valuable contribution to the understanding of a little-known people, though the publisher has done his worst by printing it on a species of blotting-paper with untrimmed edges which need to be cut over the waste-paper basket. When will this barbaric practice die out? BUDGETT MEAKIN.

STUDIES IN THE RELIGION OF ISRAEL. By the Rev. L. A. Pooler, B.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.)

"Some time ago," writes Canon Pooler in his prefatory note, "one of my Sunday-school teachers said to me, 'Will you tell me what is the Priests' Code?' I asked her how she had heard of it. She replied that she had been reading about it in a magazine article." Mr. Pooler, like a wise clergyman, decided that it was about time that some one should give to the intelligent Sunday-school teacher, as a class, an opportunity of learning what the Priests' Code is; and, further, to set out, as clearly as the nature of the subject admits, the general results of criticism as applied to the books of the Old Testament. We think that, from the point of view of the best interests of the Church and of Christian faith, he has been well advised. It is not easy to imagine any system less apt to preserve among the people the reverence for the Bible which is a tradition of the race, than that of "economy." The broad outlines of the processes by which the historical books have been gradually built up, the origins of the Jewish race, and the development of their religious beliefs in the interplay of reason and poetic insight that guided this people of singular religious instinct swiftly, through the phases of natural religion, beyond the realm of phenomena to the very threshold of the Real, are more in harmony with the other branches of knowledge into which the modern child is inducted, and so are more impressive than Jewish history in the form, for instance, in which it is narrated by the excellent Dr. Maclear of our boyhood.

Mr. Pooler starts from Babylonia and Egypt; he tells, of course, something of the Code of Hammurabi and the Tell-el-Amarna tablets. The composite authorship of the Mosaic books is explained in a way which, so far as the general outline is concerned, must throw a flood

of light upon many a vaguely felt difficulty; at the same time, the main end is kept still in view, for Old Testament criticism is valuable "only so far as it leads to a more reverent appreciation of the ways of God with men." A very interesting and lucid chapter is devoted to the significance and origin of the name Jahweh, and this prepares the way for a chapter on the character and career of Moses. The reader is led forward through the history of the settlement of Canaan, through the era of the kings and of the exile, and so forth, to the re-establishment of the people on their own soil with all things prepared for the fulfilment of the Promise. The Promise all along had been gradually disengaging itself from the perplexity of temporal occasions, shining out ever more clearly in the utterances of the inspired messengers.

"To each prophet there was revealed something of the perfect life, and of the relationship of God to men. Each learned something as the Spirit of God spake with his spirit. Gather all these hints together; picture One who is King and Prophet, Priest and Victim; One who in very truth is Immanuel; and then you may say:—The life of Jesus Christ makes all plain. The old-world prophet may not indeed have realised it, but he was foreshadowing the Perfect Life."

The final chapter is devoted to the question of the Jewish conceptions of the last things; and in it is shown how from the dull destruction of personality which is enunciated in Ecclesiastes, and in the time of Our Lord was enshrined in the teaching of the Sadducees, the point was reached when it was open to St. Paul to proclaim Jesus Christ "Who abolished death and brought life and incorruption to light through the Gospel."

Verse

POEMS. By R. Henderson Bland. (Gay & Bird. 2s. 6d.)

SECRET NIGHTS. By J. A. Nicklin. (Nutt. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE ONE AND THE MANY. By Eva Gore-Booth. (Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.)

VOX CLAMANTIS; SONNETS AND POEMS. By George Barlow. (Glaisher. 1s. 6d. net.)

DEVICES AND DESIRES. By P. H. Lulham. (Brimley Johnson. 3s. 6d. net.)

Nothing is more pleasant to the reviewer of minor verse, with its abounding minority, than the seldom-granted opportunity of cordial praise. The more agreeable, therefore, is it for us to find that in this batch of some half-dozen volumes of recent verse no less than three possess more or less real merit. It is not, however, the volume of "Poems" first on our list to which this declaration applies. The lady who may expend half a crown on it can at least be promised for her money the portrait of a handsome young man, with the subjoined statement that he is very truly hers, R. Henderson Bland. This is somewhat. But what more, we cannot much say. Mr. Bland has very tolerable accomplishment of form, but of substance there is little, or little which is original. In one poem he imitates with no little dexterity the style and outward form of Coventry Patmore's Odes, even to the mannerisms of diction. The hands are the hands of Esau, but the voice is very decidedly the voice of Jacob. The substance is all Mr. Bland's. But Mr. Bland's substance, unhappily, is not individual; it is the kind of thing written by clever young men with a youthful love for poetry; and calf-love for poetry, like other calf-love, is much the same

in all men. Mr. Nicklin's "Secret Nights" also has an instinct for lyric form, and is pretty in diction, and devoid of any special individuality.

Otherwise is it with "The One and the Many" of Miss Eva Gore-Booth. There is an opulence of coloured and emotional phrase; indeed, an over-opulence, an almost hysterical lavishness and forcing of the emotional and colour-note, to which feminine poets are especially given. But the faculty is there, and imagination is there. Above all, this writer has thought; she has something to say; and that strengthens, dignifies what would otherwise be diffusely sensuous. These are certainly among the number of poems worth reading. Not less worthy, in another fashion, is the "Vox Clamantis" of Mr. George Barlow. There is nothing of modern sensuous over-ripeness about these poems, mostly sonnets. It is the severe Wordsworthian tradition which Mr. Barlow follows. A large portion of these sonnets are political; and—save Rossetti and Swinburne—no man ventures on the political sonnet without putting on the yoke of the Wordsworthian tradition. It is *de rigueur*. But Mr. Barlow handles it very well, with real strength, simplicity and sparingness. The finest sonnets in the book, however, are not political, but those suggested by Dr. Russel Wallace's theory that the earth, and therefore man, is the centre of the universe. These are very remarkable sonnets, quite among the fine work in their kind. Mr. Barlow, it should be added, is no newcomer; his poetical works cover several volumes.

Mr. Lulham, the author of "Devices and Desires," is a much more imperfect singer than the preceding two, and he has included in his book far too much. It is on the technical side that he is defective; he will drop without warning or consciousness from the most classic and complete utterance to incoherent and languid expression. This is doubtless explained by the "M.R.C.S." of the title-page, which shows that poetry is not Mr. Lulham's profession. But he has more central power, we should say, than either of the other two; he has an imaginative strength of imagery lacking in them. He is at his best in such excellently poetic description as "Red Dawn" or "A Winter Morning," the first of which has some bold and beautiful imagery. An unequal poet, but with the root of the matter in him.

Fiction

HOW TYSON CAME HOME. By William H. Rideing. (Lane, 6s.) Another indictment against the vulgarity and sordidness of present-day London society. When Tyson comes home to England after many years spent in Mexico exploiting a mine he is immediately seized upon by dukes and baronets, politicians and Society women, butlers and valets, all eager for a tip regarding the shares in the mine. "Each man chose his own time and shaped his own preamble. . . . Now it was in the billiard-room between shots in the evening, when under the strong reflectors the coloured balls lay like scattered carnations on a green sward; or at the kennels in the afternoon, when the points of a setter or a fox terrier were being exhibited; or over a whiskey and soda in a corner of the smoking-room towards bedtime." Tyson is not by nature a business man, rather is he a dreamer and idealist who has accidentally encountered a prosperous mine. He went out to Mexico as a small ragged boy. All his years in America he dreams of home, of "hawthorn hedges and thatched cottages; of cool and silent streams bordered by willows; of widespread beeches; of poppies in the wheat." In his thoughts he places the English aristocracy on a high pedestal, remote and inaccessible; the reality shows him that the pedestal is not inaccessible; a golden ladder is the

approach. Finally, Tyson returns to Mexico, to the purple and gold glories of Manaña, to Nona, the high-spirited fearless girl who had long ago given him her affections. The narrative is somewhat marred by a certain jerkiness of style and abruptness of movement. The author commences badly and ends too rapidly. The book interests, and in parts is extremely well written.

JOSHUA NEWINGS. By G. F. Bradby. (Smith, Elder, 6s.) There is the germ of what might have been a very funny book in this story, but the author does not handle his materials to the best advantage. There are some excellent character drawing and some comic situations, and yet both somehow miss their effect. One can imagine the theme of the elderly bachelor inoculated with the love-bacilli being worked out with excruciatingly funny results by a writer of, say, Mr. Anstey's skill. There is comedy in the notion of the selfish elderly gentleman unwillingly in love being attacked violently instead of mildly by amatory symptoms, and in the frantic efforts of his friends to keep him isolated until the paroxysm is past. There is exaggeration in the limning of the German professor who has discovered the bacillus of love and proposes by inoculation to cure mortals of the ravages of their insidious foe and to reduce marriage to a science. Cupid robbed of his wings and golden bow becomes a hideous germ with "hooked claws and tentacles and striped body," which preys on the brain. The best character in the book is the old admiral, with his ready wit and his parallel case to every emergency. No difficulty so great but he will find means, however preposterous, to surmount it. No effort wasted, but up he comes smiling, to try a fresh remedy. He is worth better surroundings than the author has given him.

THE AMBLERS. By B. L. Farjeon. (Hutchinson, 6s.) The posthumous work of an author, especially when unfinished, always seems somewhat beyond the realm of criticism. This work of Mr. Farjeon's, partly re-written before his death and completed by a daughter's hand, can by no means rank among the best of his work. It is the story of an old theatrical family, and to one who knows the stage and its ways, has that touch of unreality which mars most novels dealing with such subjects. Members of old stage families differ very little from other members of the profession nowadays. They are not eternally quoting Shakespeare, nor speaking in the grandiloquent style of Mr. Vincent Crummies, as do so many members of the Ambler family. Another regular development in the career of an actor and actress in a novel is the sudden and startling success which puts them at the top of the tree before they are twenty-five. It doesn't happen in real life. Then the trick by which Margaret and David are separated and his faith in her shaken is so exceedingly like the plot of half the melodramas in which they must have both played that one cannot understand them being taken in by it. Again, it was surely "East Lynne" which suggested to Margaret the idea of coming back to sit disguised as a beggar at her husband's gate to watch her daughter grow up. If David could accept Lord Camburton's word for his wife's purity at the end of eighteen years, why on earth couldn't he have asked for and accepted it a little earlier? The best part of the book is the description of the Amblers' tour with a booth. It is fresh, true, and pleasant, and makes good reading.

LOVE'S PROXY. By Richard Bagot. (Arnold, 6s.) A woman, her husband, and the other man—nothing particularly new in the story or the telling. Katherine Lavington marries a man considerably her senior, her inferior in birth, but wealthy. She is quite indifferent to him, but consents to the marriage in order to set her invalid mother's mind at rest concerning her future. Her mother inquires of her if she dislikes Sir Henry Lorrimer. She replies "At a distance—no." She is blind, on closer acquaintance with Sir Henry, to his sterling qualities and indulgent love, and develops a platonic friendship with an attractive and rising young politician. The complications are helped forward by means of anonymous letters and spiteful remarks from the world generally. Katherine pursues her calmly disdainful way through the book until in the last few chapters she

discovers that it is her husband only, now blind and helpless, that should rightly have her love, and sends away the young politician to be the Viceroy of India. The characters move in an atmosphere of politics, and we are introduced to some very high places in the land. But Katherine herself is a singularly unattractive heroine, and her long-suffering husband and priggish young lover do not lift the book above mediocrity. As a study of character it is unconvincing, and as a work of fiction it is unexciting.

Short Notices

FAITH AND MORALS. By Wilhelm Herrmann, D.D. Translated from the German by Donald Matheson and Robert W. Stewart. (Williams and Norgate, 5s.) This volume contains two lectures by the professor of dogmatic theology in the university of Marburg. Dr. Herrmann was a convinced Ritschlian. His first lecture is on Faith, as Ritschl defined it. The second is concerned with Morals, and furnishes a kind of corollary to the first. In addition, we have an appendix, filling about half of the volume, which constitutes a treatise on the moral law, in answer to the replies of Roman Catholic apologists. With regard both to one and the other, Herrmann's position, when he contrasts the Roman Catholic with the German Evangelical attitude, amounts briefly to this: that the Evangelical is an attitude of activity, the Catholic of passive acceptance; that the sequel in the latter case (which is apt also to be reproduced among Protestants when and wheresoever is developed the fungus of what Ritschl denounced as "professionalism") is a cramped unnaturalness. It is better—to pervert a venerable simile—to enter with one eye into the kingdom than, having two eyes, to be cast into the gehenna of fire. For only such parts of the divine revelation are of value to a given individual as master him by the intrinsic force of their personal appeal. The Church has no right to demand acceptance *in globo* of all her doctrines; on the contrary, it is her duty to distinguish, from a mere assent of the will, the faith that is truly responsive to God's revelation. Of especial value is his strait saying in reference to the preacher who reproduces with facility the sublimest results of religious reflection, regardless of the only way in which such thoughts can arise in a soul and become its own property. Of course, a possible answer, from the Catholic point of view, is obvious enough. For there are certainly cases in which the majesty of the Church suffices in itself to carry with it persuasion of her divine commission and all its consequences. In his discussion of Catholic as compared with Evangelical theories of morals the German professor denounces, with what seems to us unnecessary vehemence, the principles of probabilism. We will not go so far as to suggest that on the whole he would prefer the principle of Luther's "*Pecca fortiter*," but that would hardly be an unnatural conclusion. The book, as what in another faculty would be styled a "cultivation" of Ritschlianism, is eminently instructive.

THE WEB OF INDIAN LIFE. By The Sister Nivedita. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) This interesting volume is not very appropriately named. Sister Nivedita treats her theme with such seriousness that we soon understand how impossible it would have been for her to descend to those necessary details of domestic concern without which mental reconstruction eludes the reader's power. This is said in no dispraise; it is simply to indicate the attitude of mind and temper of the writer. We are to weave the web with a few strands—strands taken from the sacramental and emotional moments of life. The truth seems to be that the idealist philosophy of the Indians has carried her intellect and heart captive. To a despairing mother bereaved of her daughter she whispers, "Your child is with the Great Mother. She is with Khali." Not so much, she avows, out of pity for the woman as "for those to whom the use of some particular language of the Infinite is a question of morality." Whether this is an

expression of the writer's own faith, or whether, like the old man in Gorki's "*Lower Depths*," it is her belief that the great function of ministration is to preserve illusions, we cannot say. Another instance in which a death is turned to philosophic account is in the chapter on an Indian pilgrimage. After summoning all her powers to describe the procession we are told how, when, at the time of full moon, the shrine, on some precipitous and snow-clad height, is reached, an old man in an ecstasy hurls himself into the valley below. This incident is used to ask the question, "Is it a stain upon Hinduism that it has never called this 'suicide while of unsound mind'?" Her idealism is often revealed, too, in her fondness for a formula which includes so much and means so little. She is continually outrunning experiments by a synthesis. A quotation from the Upanishad about seeing the Real in the midst of the Unreal, and recognising the one in the Many, appears to her to be a great truth, and, indeed, variants on this theme give the character of the book. Sufficient has been said to show how completely the philosophy of India has become part of herself. The chapters dealing with the literature of India are carefully done, and altogether the book is well worth reading for the singleness of its aim and for the evident sympathy which it betrays on every page with the poor plague-smitten and cruelly exploited Hindu.

THE ETERNAL WILL. By J. S. Stanyon, M.A. (Allenson, 2s. 6d. net.) We congratulate Mr. Stanyon upon the orderly method by which he develops his thought, his avoidance of rhetoric, and the almost scholastic severity of his logic. This last is a quality sufficiently rare to distinguish him among minor philosophers. His little book is written from the standpoint of a theist addressing himself to a world that, beneath an outward conformity to a traditional form of Christianity, conceals a very genuine doubt as to the bases upon which any form of theistic doctrine must stand. And his purpose is to build up anew the half-obliterated faith upon a metaphysic that shall be more or less analogous with the conclusions of physical science that are apt to be regarded as subversive of it. By such means he guides his reader to the point at which within the unknown region of force that is not ourselves, that limits our will, is felt another will, behind which looms the infinite all-powerful personality of Essential Being. He goes even, from this point, a further step; not indeed to the fulness of the measure of Christ as the traditional faith of the Church expresses him, but at least to a certain Pishgah whence it is possible to gain a glimpse of the fair plains of promise. For with Jesus as the crown of the evolutionary process by which individual forces had grown to be possessed of freedom, appeared in the world at last a free-will that was ever and wholly in unison with the will that is supreme.

Reprints and New Editions

It is summer in the land of publishing even as in the fields of nature. How do I know this? What are the signs of the literary fruits and flowers of summer? Chiefly do I know of its advent by the number of reprints of fiction and the sudden outpouring of guide books. The lazy literary summer is here. Should we wish to forget the rush and turmoil of modern life with its constant stream of fiction, we may turn our back on the new novel and refresh our memories with old favourites. We may paddle our canoe into some quiet backwater far away from the swift tide of current fiction. And what could I read with more enjoyment than the *HISTORY OF HENRY ESMOND, ESQ.* (Library of Modern Classics, Long, leather 3s. net, cloth 2s. net)? One knows it so well that the literary lounge can read a chapter here and there, he can smile at Thackeray's gentle cynicism and enjoy his tender sentiment. The reprint, as befits a volume of this Library, is well printed and well bound. The illustrations by Mr. P. B. Hickling are excellent, really worthy of the great narrative, while the photogravure portrait of Thackeray is well produced. Many

volumes from this Library should be in the hands of book-lovers this summer. I turn now to three volumes in the well-known series, *Half-Forgotten Books*—*THE HOUR AND THE MAN*, by Harriet Martineau; *THE ADVENTURES OF DAVID SIMPLE*, by Sarah Fielding; and *THE POTTLETON LEGACY*, by Albert Smith (Routledge, 2s. each). Here is an opportunity to browse in the past. Miss Sarah Fielding was unfortunate in her choice of a brother who completely overshadowed her. The fame of the great Fielding does not leave room for the lesser Fielding, even though Richardson himself complimented "Sally" upon her knowledge of the human heart, and quoted the saying of "a critical judge of writing," perhaps Dr. Johnson, "that your late brother's knowledge of it was not (fine writer as he was) comparable to yours." Miss Fielding, as may be gathered, was a great friend of Richardson. "David Simple" was published a twelvemonth before "Tom Jones" saw the light, and in reading it one needs to remember that the novel was then in its very earliest infancy, and was by no means such a numerous family as to-day. Mr. Baker says of Sarah Fielding: "She belongs to that highest type of satirist who sees things not merely as related to the fashions, mannerisms, and prejudices of his own time and place, but in the dry light of abstract intelligence and perfect sanity." Miss Martineau's anti-slavery novel "The Hour and the Man" is better known than "David Simple." It is difficult nowadays to throw oneself back into the stormy times of which Miss Martineau writes, but the book is still vivid and alive. Captain Marryat is a very refreshing writer on a hot summer day. His *MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY* (New Pocket Library, Lane, leather 2s. net, cloth 1s. 6d. net) brings with it a breeze that chases away the cobwebs from the reviewer's brain. Mr. Midshipman Easy will never languish for lack of readers. This pocket edition, too, is particularly handy. It may be slipped into one's pocket, and produced for a comfortable read with a pipe and tobacco after a tramp across country; or, better still, it may be thrown in the bottom of a punt, or taken on a yachting trip. Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, the invaluable friends of the traveller, send me a new edition of their guide book to *EAST CENTRAL SCOTLAND* (2s. 6d.). It is up to date, beautifully illustrated, and crammed with reliable information, as usual. A mere look at the photographs will inspire a man to choose Scotland for his summer holidays. Such guide books as Messrs. Black's are a necessity in our travel library. Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare's *WANDERINGS IN SPAIN* is now in its eighth edition (Allen, 3s.). This chatty little book should be put in his bag by the man who purposes visiting Spain. It is full of odd bits of information, and will add greatly to his pleasure. F. T. S.

Forthcoming Books, etc.

Mr. Henry Frowde, of the Oxford University Press, is about to issue the first volumes of a cheap series of standard authors, to include both poetry and prose. The books will be well bound in cloth and printed on good paper in the largest possible type compatible with the size of the work; and the price will be 2s. each, or somewhat more if bound in leather. An edition on Oxford India paper will also be published. Among the authors to be included are Shakespeare, Burns, Byron, Mrs. Browning, Longfellow, Milton, Scott, Tennyson, Whittier, and Wordsworth, Bunyan (the "Pilgrim's Progress," illustrated by Cruikshank), and Boswell's "Johnson," in two volumes.—On July 11 Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish a book by Mr. M. C. Mallik, of the Inner Temple, entitled "The Problems of Existence: its Mystery, Struggle, and Comfort in the Light of Aryan Wisdom." Mr. Fisher Unwin is bringing out shilling editions of "The Autobiography," "The Deliverance," and "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane," to be ready on July 11. A plain binding of dark-green cloth has been chosen as most in keeping with the character of the books.—Mr. John Lane will publish on Tuesday next a novel by Miss Valentina Hawtrej, entitled "Perronelle."

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- Bourdillon, The Rev. F., *Short Sermons* (Brown, Langham), 3/6.
Adderley, The Rev. J., *The Epistle of St. James* (Brown, Langham), 1/0 net.
Durham, The Bishop of, and others, *Holiness by Faith* (R. T. S.), 1/0.
Holden, The Rev. H. W., *The Unity of the Spirit* (Skeffington), 2/0.
Meyer, The Rev. F. B., *In the Beginning God!* (Brown, Langham), 3/6.

History and Biography

- Amherst of Hackney, Lady, *A Sketch of Egyptian History* (Methuen), 10/6 net.
Roome, H. D., *James Edward the Old Pretender* (Blackwell), 2/6 net.
Alger, J. G., *Napoleon's British Visitors and Captives, 1801-1815* (Constable), 8/6 net.
Gasquet, Abbot F. A. (edited), *A Life of Pope St. Gregory the Great* (Art and Book Company), 2/0 net.

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles-Lettres

- Bland, R. H., *Poems* (Gay & Bird), 2/6 net.
Moore, T. Sturge, *Pan's Prophecy* (Duckworth), 1/0 net.
Haslitt, W., *Collected Works, Vol. XI.* (Dent), 7/6 net.
Gasquet, Dr. J. H. (the late), *Studies* (Art and Book Company), 4/0 net.
Malone, W., *Poems* (Paul & Douglass).

Travel and Topography

- Morison, M. Cotter, *A Long Summer in Kashmir* (Duckworth).
Spencer, Baldwin, and Gillen, F. J., *The Northern Tribes of Central Australia* (Macmillan), 21/0 net.
Fitzgerald, A. and S., *Naples* (Black), 20/0 net.

Educational

- Timpany, H. M., *Inorganic Qualitative Analysis Tables* (Blackwood), 1/0.
Headlam, G. W. (edited), *De Tocqueville's L'Ancien Régime* (Clarendon Press), 6/0.
Platner, S. B., *Ancient Rome* (Allyn & Bacon).

Miscellaneous

- Lawrence, T. J., *War and Neutrality in the Far East* (Macmillan), 3/6 net.
Spender, J. A., *A Modern Journal* (Methuen), 3/6 net.
Murray, Dr. J. A. H., *A New English Dictionary* (Reactively—Ree), (Clarendon Press), 5/0.
Early Days at Uppingham under Edward Thring (Macmillan), 3/6 net.
Rowntree, J., and Sherwell, A., *Public Interests or Trade Aggrandisement* (King), 1/0 net.
The Annual of the British School at Athens (Macmillan), 1/10 net.
Palmer, A. S., D.D., *The Folk and their Wordlore* (Routledge).
Williamson, Captain James, *The Clyde Passenger Steamer* (MacLachose), 6/0 net.

Fiction

- Roberts, C. D. G., "Earth's Enigmas" (Duckworth); Fraser, Mrs. Hugh, "The Slaking of the Sword" (Methuen), 6/0; Benson, E. F., "The Challoners" (Heinemann), 6/0; Sabatini, R., "The Tavern Knight" (Grant Richards), 6/0; Truscott, L. Parry, "Motherhood" (Fisher Unwin), 6/0; Tynan, Katharine, "Judy's Lovers" (White), 6/0; Winter, J. S., "The Little Vanities of Mrs. Whittaker" (White), 6/0; Bottoms, P., "The Master Hope" (Hurst & Blackett), 6/0; "Elizabeth in Search of a Husband" (White), 1/0.

Reprints and New Editions

- Wellwood, S., compiled by, *English Love Songs* (Grant Richards), 1/0 and 0/6.
Martineau, H., *The Hour and the Man* (Routledge), 2/0.
Fielding, S., *Adventures of David Simple* (Routledge), 2/0.
Smith, Albert, *The Pottleton Legacy* (Routledge), 2/0.
How to Regain Health and Live One Hundred Years.
Shakespeare, *Edinburgh Folio, Parts 31-36* (Richards).
How to Write for the Press (Cox).
The Law of Servants and Masters (Cox), 1/0.
Jameson, Mrs., *Shakespeare's Heroines* (Dent), 1/6 net.
Calverley, C. S., *Verses, Translations, and Fly-leaves* (Bell).
Pocket Book Classics, 1/6, 2/0, and 2/6.
Emerson, R. W., *Essays on Representative Men* (Bell), 2/0 and 3/0.

Periodicals, &c.

- "Cassell's Russo-Japanese War," "English Illustrated," "Connoisseur," "Cornhill," "Contemporary," "World's Work," "Antiquary," "Burlington," "Art," "Blackwood's," "International Journal of Ethics," "Scottish Historical Review," "Westminster," "Reliquary," "Lady's Home Magazine," "Pearson's," "Bibby's Quarterly," "Monthly Review," "Book Monthly," "Arts and Crafts," "Architectural Review," "United Service Magazine," "Independent Review," "The Parent," "Amusement," "The Author," "National Review," "Hibbert Journal," "Current Literature," "Lippincott," "Geographical Journal."

Foreign

History and Biography

- Reuss, Dr. G. F., *Wilhelm III. von England* (Breslau: Trewendt & Granier), 10m.

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles-Lettres

- Kröger, von Ernst, *Palaestra, XXXIX., Die Sage von Macbeth bis zu Shakespeare* (Berlin: Mayer & Müller) 7.60m.

Periodicals

- "Deutsche Rundschau," "Mercure de France."

Booksellers' Catalogues

- Voynich, W. M. (General), Shaftesbury Avenue, W.; Gray, Henry (Tracts, MSS., and General), East Acton; Sutton, Albert (General), Bridge Street, Manchester; Hatchards (General), Piccadilly, W.

Letters from a Silent Study

[The following series of notes, more or less critical, on life have been given to me. The writer wished to tell the truth—a desire which may be regarded as a legitimate claim to any reader's consideration and indulgence.]

XIX—On Disreputable Dulness

OUIDA (Louise de la Ramée), one of the few women writers of genius, has declared a number of true things which are so terribly true that she has never been able to please either the self-deceived or the deceivers of others—in fact, the genteel and the hypocrites. The genteel cannot believe that people are so treacherous, so weak, so subtle, or, occasionally, so noble as she paints them; the hypocrites are dismayed at her revelations of human character. But she is, and she will remain, a psychologist of extraordinary gifts—too scornful perhaps in her attitude; perhaps too vehemence in her language; often inconsistent in her judgment; still, sincerity and the artist's soul are in every book she has signed. I was re-reading one of her famous novels—"Friendship"—when I came upon the following:—"What weariness will men endure if only it be not in the name of virtue!"

The passage before it described an evening spent by Prince Ioris and his "great friend," Lady Joan Challoner, at a masquerade ball:—

"Ioris sighed this evening as he fastened her mask behind her ears and went down with her into the dingy whirlpool. He was so tired of it all. The thin disguises, the stupid jokes, the commonplace intrigues, the coarse pretence of deceiving and being deceived, the noise, the uproar, the shrill cries, the headlong dances—they had grown so tiresome. He had laughed his lightest and waltzed his wildest in other years—but he was tired of it all—very tired—now as he walked about among the screaming crowd, and exchanged the vapid phrases of custom, with dominoes that were as well known to him as though he had met them in broad day; and heard the resonant voice of his empress ring loud above the music in merciless speech and worn-out gibes; and lighted her cigarettes, and carried her fan, and got her her claret-cup, and thought how long the night was—the boisterous, empty, joyless, senseless night, through which, all the while, he had to laugh and be ready with answer, and look amused, and turn an airy compliment, and join in all the mirth, and never show a yawn, but wait on duty till the kindly sun should rise, and so release him. What weariness will men endure if only it be not in the name of virtue!"

The husband of the lady was at home, comfortably sleeping.

One is told so much by amateurs of immorality about the dreary humdrum of virtue that it is refreshing to find a picture of the more tedious humdrum of vice. Dulness is a quality in the individual; if there are dull matrons there is also an infinite crowd of very dull wantons; there are dull villains as well as dull patterns of propriety; if sermons can be dull, comedies can be much duller. It is not the sin which makes the sinner attractive, nor the band which makes an occasion lively; many sinners are sad bores, and I have often seen the White Hungarians playing and swaying with the madness of musicians to persons as irresponsible as scooped cocoanuts on sticks. On some occasions they have been persons of importance and eminent respectability; on other occasions, they have been persons who hoped to be considered rather shocking, but no tunes ever composed could make any of them really joyous—or even cheerful.

When a virtuous woman is tedious, she is not tedious because she is chaste but because she is unimaginative or mentally stupid, and when an immoral woman is brilliant, she is not brilliant because she is immoral, but because she happens to have brains. Saint Teresa was more brilliant than Catherine of Russia; and Isabella of Castille—more beautiful than Mary Stuart and better loved—was incomparably her superior in statesmanship. But all four are eternally interesting.

Actresses, ever chosen as the types of gay romance or romantic woe, are here and there only, a couple in fifty years or so, above the average female as a companion. It is notorious that men grow more rapidly tired of actresses and the professionally lighthearted—whether they follow them or marry them—than they ever do of women who lead quiet lives. And the reason for this fickleness lies not in the actress as an artist too self-absorbed—a real artist is never a bore—but in the actress as an ordinary being who, when she is not playing a part, is vainer than her sisters and less certain of her feelings.

I have watched many an adventurous couple and small party at sea-side and river towns; the desire, nay, a positive ache for rapture is always in their eyes, but disappointment is in the atmosphere. I have seen, too, many an adventurous couple or small party who were having, unmistakably, as good a time as the orthodox. The good time, however, was in their own temperaments—not in the circumstances. And these evidences of the tyranny of character bring me to the conclusion that it is an enormous and wicked blunder to put in moral pictures all the excitement and gaiety where dissipation is and all the melancholy and tedium where wisdom is supposed to be. Young people, as a rule, are warned against many places of amusement, not because they are dull, which is the case, but because they are improper. And youth at once forms the idea that the improprieties and irregularities are forbidden because of their enchantment and their undying delight. Those who have been allowed most liberty in roving know better. But one reason why novelists and playwrights frequently rely upon their wicked characters and vicious situations for their strong points is because it is so much easier to study the cheap, the common and the free than the reserved, the sacred, and the everlasting. For one hundred authors who can draw, with a certain success, a person of either sex without prejudices and hit you off a scoundrel or a courtesan, there is not one who can draw an ordinary human being who faces with fixed principles the usual temptations, and make them even endurable, far less alive.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

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Egomets

THE reading of old plays has ever been a pleasure to me, I delight in them almost as much as I do in fiction, for on the whole to me a play written two hundred years ago gives a clearer and more faithful picture of the time than any history or historical novel. I have adopted a method which has practically secured me a private theatre cost-free; as with all great ideas—and why should not I once and again conceive a great idea?—it is admirably simple. It has amused me to study the history of the English stage, and now when

I read a play of any past time I am able to visualise its performance to myself, to sit in a dream theatre, to watch the stage and the players of the period of my play.

I SHOULD not like to hazard a guess at how many performances I have attended in my private theatre of "She Stoops to Conquer"; how well I know those good folk Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle, and Tony, that noisy young gentleman, and Miss Hardcastle and the rest of them. I see them always in a theatre dimly lighted with candles and smelling of the same; in their powder and patches; coming down now and again right outside the proscenium; I hear between the acts the cracking of nuts and of jokes in the vast pit; yet all the while I am seated alone at this performance—like the mad monarch in his gorgeous theatre? I hope not.

THEN I have been to see the players at the Globe upon Bankside, rowed across the crowded river by a waterman's sturdy arms; I sit in the pit and admire the gallants upon the stage and wonder what beauty may be hidden behind the ladies' vizards; I hear the trumpet blow; on come the actors in brave array—Master Burbage, yes, and Master William Shakespeare and many another good fellow—and the play goes on to my great content. Yes, this to my mind is the way to read an old play; to put oneself in the place and as far as possible in the frame of mind of the spectators who lived when the plays first saw the light of day or of night. Plays are indeed epitomes of the manners and the modes of thought of the day, and it is futile to judge yesterday with the mind of to-day.

If ever there be written—and may it be in my time—a History of English Manners, the historian will find his best material in books of the play. Fiction gives a good view of social doings and sayings, but not so clear or so unconsidered a picture as do plays. Remember, a writer of a story trusts that much may be overlooked if only the interest of his tale be maintained; but no spectator of a play can be engrossed in it if the personages on the stage behave otherwise—generally speaking—than they would do in real life. Plays do not, of course, always accurately reflect the morals of an age, for it is only a minority of us who go to the playhouse, and to that minority the players play, but they do almost always accurately reflect the manners of an age.

CHIEFLY do I love reading old plays of which the scenes are laid in London. We should know far less than we do of the ways of citizens in past days and of the town itself if we had no old plays to hold up the mirror to the fashions of the town. Of Elizabethan London I have learnt more from Elizabethan plays than from all other sources put together. Every play then—no matter where its scene was nominally laid—reflected the daily life of the town, often showing its most intimate details. Later plays, from 1700 onward, are not quite so instructive, for gradually dramatists began to strive after historical and topographical accuracy; their strivings are usually more emphatic than successful.

So let each of us have a dream theatre; no need to wrap up and go out into the night, to rumble along in a jolting omnibus, to sit in a stuffy, draughty theatre, to watch acting not always good, to see a play that may prove distasteful. No! Let us have a "command" performance at our private theatre, the play to be chosen by ourselves, the curtain to be rung up when we are

ready—no sooner, no later—the acting will be perfection, and when the play is over no journey home; but just to take up the candle and so to bed—to dream of the good time we have had.

E. G. O.

The Child

I

"Sudden, thy shadow fell on me:
I shriek'd and clasp'd my hands in ecstasy!"

SHELLEY.

ROUND the window of the child's nursery grew clusters of white cottage roses with little pink buds; but a pale yellow banksia with delicately shaped leaves wreathed the windows of another room where the child spent an hour of delight each day; the roses became for him the symbols of the two rooms. In both he was happy, but in the one happiness was a common, everyday happiness, while the other was haunted by rare and unknown joys. One day his mother, lying on a sofa with a book in her hand, called the child and lifting him up beside her, told him to lie very quietly under the rabbit-skin rug which had been the magic mantle of many stories. Then she read to him from the book. The child had thought that the only books with a significance for him were those filled with pictures. There was a third room where he went for five minutes before bedtime and sitting on his father's knee turned over the pages of a large book on which were brightly coloured flowers and birds, even more wonderful than the great red peonies and the pheasant with the golden head in the garden. He had known that there were books without pictures, which held a mysterious meaning for other people but none for him. To-day his mother's gentle voice had told him the secret of one of these, and as he lay in bed thinking of all that had passed during the long day his heart beat fast at the remembrance that there were as many books in the room downstairs as there were little yellow roses round the windows, and that each held a world into which his mother said he would one day win his own way.

II

"Les années ce sont des souffles et nous sommes les feuilles qu'elles emportent."—DE L'ISLE-ADAM.

THE world in which the child lived was beautiful, but yet there were things in it both strange and terrible to him. He shuddered at the dead leaves in autumn. They seemed dread visitants from the phantom world which nightly surrounded his little bed. There he was safe, lying still and warm and noiseless within a charmed circle; but when in the daylight these dead things were wafted toward him with a living motion and their little rustling sound he would run away, or stand white and trembling as they blew across his path. His mother told him that they were but the beautiful green leaves grown old and he should feel love and gratitude to them for the happiness they had once given him. Then she showed them to him, holding them in her hand and he learned to know their diverse forms. Gradually his fear ceased. He would take them from his mother's hand that he might look at them more closely and he loved the delicate lacework of their skeletons. Of the dry rustling leaves he made playfellows, running races with them and pretending in the dusk of the late autumn afternoons that he too was

a leaf blown resistlessly by the wind. A change had come over his life. He no longer lived and sought happiness only in the present; memories became precious, it seemed to him that they were past joys, dead and yet living, just as the dear, dead leaves were the same which had once been fresh and green.

MONA WILSON.

The Work of Herbert Spencer

VII—The Power of a Phrase

TENNYSON somewhere has a saying about the coming of a great thought which flashes through the brain and brings the blood to the cheeks. We need not doubt that this was an authentic reminiscence; but perhaps one may be permitted to question whether the experience is a common one amongst the authors of the world's great thoughts: at any rate, I received a negative answer when I addressed this question to the one person of my acquaintance of whom such an inquiry might be made. Whatever the conditions of poetic thought, I fancy that the great ideas of philosophy have seldom flashed across the brain, but are rather the final products of long excogitation and contemplation.

A priori thinking has enslaved the human mind for so many centuries that some people in our time are inclined altogether to deny its claims, forgetful, apparently, of the triumphs of mathematics—the one purely deductive science. In other fields induction is, of course, supreme: all progress in biology, to take an instance, has resulted from the inductive method, which begins by observing facts, and then proceeds to reason from them. Hence we find the explanation of a certain objection which has been taken to the synthetic philosophy by that lower order of workers whom one may call the hodmen of science. Their argument is perfectly intelligible. They say that the formula of evolution was an arbitrary invention of its author, across whose brain this idea presumably "flashed," and who then proceeded to explain all orders of facts by this *a priori* assertion. Now, if it were true that the formula had been arrived at by a purely introspective and mystic process, that fact would not of itself invalidate the application of the formula, though it would certainly leave us hopelessly in the dark as to the process by which the formula was framed. We should have to fall back upon some such expression of ignorance as the word "intuition"—and leave the matter there.

But, as a matter of fact, the formula of evolution was arrived at by a strictly inductive process, precisely comparable to that which enabled Newton to educe the law of gravitation—save that Spencer was his own Kepler, so to say. The formula, as we now have it, is the product of years of thought, during which it was greatly modified and amplified. Only some years after it was published did Spencer discover that there is a correlative process which he called *dissolution*, but which he would probably have done better to term involution. The consequence of the great modification which further consideration of the facts of the Cosmos wrought in this formula is that "First Principles," though wholly recast since its first appearance, is still far from being a perfectly arranged book. This is one of the reasons, much more important than the great reduction in price, which cause all Spencerians eagerly to await the forthcoming new edition of that work, in which the arrangement is to be much modified, so as to present its author's

ideas in the form at which they arrived only several decades after its first publication. And this alteration will be of importance to many who do not know themselves to be Spencerians; for, as Professor Arthur Thomson, one of the greatest of living biologists, has said, "Consciously or unconsciously, we are all standing on his shoulders."

But before we consider the evolution of the idea of evolution let us look at its genesis. What was it that set Spencer upon the right line? The answer to this question seems to me to be of such interest to everybody, and especially to everyone with any love of words, phrases, and literary form, that we may fitly dwell upon it here.

In his first book, "Social Statics," Spencer had reached a generalisation which contained the germ of the idea of evolution. All the material was in his mind, the conclusion had been reached—but there the process stopped. The idea bore no fruit. Then Spencer came across his own conclusion, independently reached by a German scientist, but stated in a new form. Von Baer, the great founder of embryology, enunciated the truth that all progress in the organic world consists essentially in a change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous. The simplest organisms have many parts all alike and practically independent. Progress consists in the development of forms which consist of many parts that are unlike, and interdependent. Of this the human body is, of course, the supreme illustration; and the Latin fable about the revolt of the other organs against the pampered stomach is the ancient expression of the same idea. Though Spencer had shown that the same holds true of societies—the lowest consisting of individuals very independent and very similar, the highest of individuals with very various functions and therefore entirely dependent on one another, the soldier on the agriculturist, and the agriculturist on the soldier—yet he had gone no further. It was only when he met his own idea, crystallised in a terse and lucid form, that, given this "convenient instrument for thinking," he was enabled to take the first step towards that formula under which all the knowable phenomena of the Unknowable can now be included. We shall yet see many instances in which this same gift for phrase-making enabled Spencer to serve human thought; but it was this gift, in the hands of another, that first guided him towards the greatest generalisation in all philosophy. Thus we may perceive a serious and valuable truth in that delightful piece of irony: "Man lives not by bread alone, but chiefly by Catchwords."

C. W. SALEEBY.

The Drama

IF ever an effort be made to revive comic opera Mr. Max Pemberton should be looked to for the writing of the libretto, for his "The Finishing School" is a delightful specimen of comic opera without music. Everything is provided, a pleasing love story, not too near akin to real life, a pleasant pair of lovers (tenor and soprano), a heavy father (bass), a chorus of charming young ladies. All that is lacking is a comic character. If not approached seriously Mr. Pemberton's play—he rightly calls it a romance—provides a very considerable amount of entertainment, and during this hot weather, when we do not desire to think too much of an evening, should prove highly popular. The heroine's is what is called in stageese a "breeches part," for in order to conquer she stoops to wearing the

habit of a man. Very bravely Miss Annie Hughes wears it; in fact, she is one of the few pleasing girl-boys I remember to have seen. The other performers have no heavy call made upon their abilities. Those who wish to laugh lightly should see "The Finishing School"—but, oh, please Mr. Pemberton, next time do not forget the music!

"THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE" provides us with an "International Symposium" on the state of the poor British Drama. The questions asked of the contributors to the discussion were—(1) What would be the most practical and effective means of giving a new impetus to the Drama? (2) Would the institution of a State-aided theatre and of a State-aided Conservatoire be beneficial or detrimental to Dramatic Art? (3) Would the reform or abolition of the Censorship of Plays advance the interests of the Drama? The first point I note is that drama must now be spelt with a big D; the second is that after reading the various replies to these conundrums I am utterly bewildered, which, of course, is my fault. Mr. Björnsterne Björnson cuts the Gordian knot by simply answering "I am in favour of the institution of a State-aided theatre and the reform of the Censorship of Plays;" very interesting but scarcely instructive. In reply to question 1 Mr. Bouchier mildly and accurately answers "Writing and producing good plays;" quite so—but—? Sir Francis Burnand does not consider that the drama (I beg pardon—Drama) requires any "new impetus;" Mr. Hall Caine says "NO" to all three questions; M. Jules Claretie concludes his contribution modestly, thus:—"The question, however, is like Columbus's egg: it is extremely simple and yet extremely difficult. But the further development of the trite truths I have just enumerated would require more time, unfortunately, than I am able to dispose of;" Mr. Martin Harvey advocates "the production of a great play," why does he not therefore settle the matter himself, he is an actor-manager, and Mr. Sydney Grundy is unkind:—"In my opinion, 'the most practical and effective means of giving a new impetus to the Drama,' would be for every newspaper and magazine and club and debating society and after-dinner orator to refrain from writing and talking about it for a period of at least twelve months."

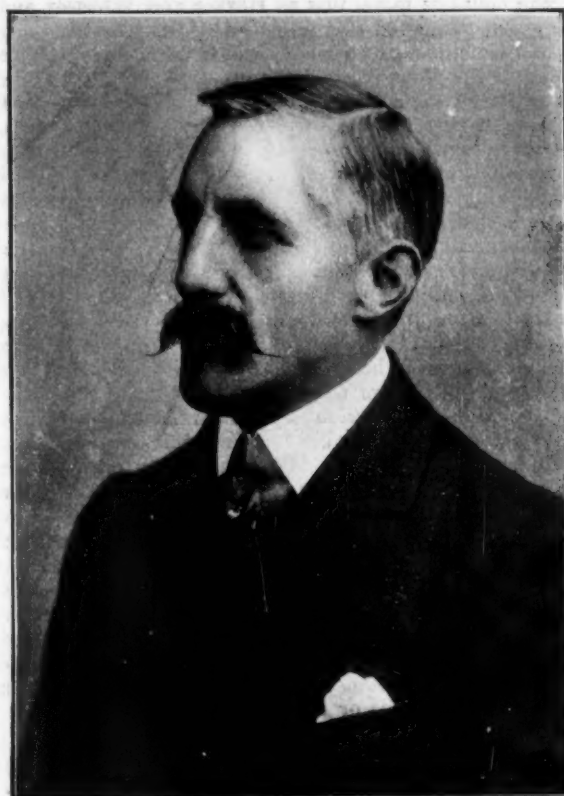
The symposium is "to be continued in our next," so there is hope still that a "practical and effective" solution will yet be forthcoming.

Art

G. F. Watts

THE great artist who lies in everlasting sleep on his beloved Surrey hills this sun-filled July day, showed to the world in this, his eighty-eighth year, the picture of a babe walking out of the sea and about to step forward on uncertain bewildered feet into the unknown, the eyes of wonder asking the surprised question, "Whither?" The master has found the answer to the vexed riddle. He has gone to meet the death which he never feared; which, indeed, he clothed with dignity—as did that other master who told in music of the majesty of death in his Dead March in "Saul." Watts always looked upon death as the kindly nurse who comes to put us to bed that we may awake in the morning with the clearer vision. He knows now

that the fantastic heavens and ridiculous hells of man's imaginings are but child's toys; but the tale of that which he sees, for once in his generous career, his firm-sealed lips withhold from his fellows.



MR. MAX PEMBERTON

[Photo Russell Baker Street.]

WATTS was a great painter. He was more—a great artist. He made himself master of a splendid craft; and he kept that craftsmanship in fine subordination to his theme instead of letting it master him. He seized the great human emotions; and he set those emotions with prodigious force and consummate craftsmanship before the eyes of the world. His portraits hold the individuality of the sitter. That which was of ultimate significance in the individual with the wizardry of genius he caught, and set its subtlety with unerring judgment upon his canvas. The great men and women of the Victorian age he has limned with marvellous insight; and the picture of them, the shape in which they had their being, he has made immortal. He never sacrificed art to tricks of thumb—he was too large, too wise, too far above all pettinesses. He is in the foremost rank; for he was without artistic fear—he used the wide range of the colours of the sun, as the great writers use

PERMANENT REPRODUCTIONS

OF THE WORKS OF

G. F. Watts, E. Burne-Jones, D. G. Rossetti,
Windsor Castle Holbein Drawings,

Also Pictures from the Uffizi and Louvre Galleries, may be obtained from FREDK. HOLLYER, 8 Pembroke Square, London, W.
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words, careless of all little qualms lest they should be accused of melodrama or of sentiment. Like Shakespeare and Homer he did not fear to be accused of anecdote, of having ideas—and he stands, by consequence, strengthened by his courage, on the topmost ramparts of the house of fame, just as Horace and Whistler and Flaubert, hampered and impeded by the tripping robes of their home-made Style, have to rest content with being in the front rank of the great Second-Rates—for an artist who is a great craftsman before he is a great creator of emotion may never win the supreme bays. Whistler and Flaubert prided themselves on their contempt of the larger world, not seeing that they missed thereby its full lordship. Watts with sublime contempt for mere beauty of craftsmanship, uttered the large emotions and essayed to the greater glory, sounding his colour-music as on some deep resounding organ, winning thereby the mightier conquest. We go to Whistler and Velasquez for great painting, for great craftsmanship, for the splendid manner of saying the thing—even though that thing be a distorted hunchback. But it is Watts and his peers to whom we go for great art—for the mighty expression of a human emotion. We go to Whistler or to Velasquez for great painting—we go in vain for a great picture. When we stand on the high uplands amidst the swinging heavens and breathing the pulsing sense of life, when we reach out hands towards the mighty emotions, we ask for larger things than good painting—we crave to be in touch with life—we want to feel that Man, the greatest created thing, is more than a splendid lay-figure—we want to feel his majesty and his dignity and to experience the splendour of the godhood that is at the heart, even if in some sneaking wise, of the very meanest of us—and we may only know such emotion either by experience or through art.

WATTS had all the attributes of artistic greatness. He had great emotional conception—great subject. He had the large manner. He could create.

HALDANE MACFALL.

Correspondence

Children's Country Holidays

The Chairman of the Children's Country Holidays Fund has received permission to publish the following letter from Sir William Collins:—

1 Albert Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.

SIR,—I gladly respond to your request that, as Chairman of the London Education Committee, I should send you a word of support and encouragement for the Children's Country Holidays Fund.

Of some 800,000 children attending the public elementary schools in London, only a small proportion can in any year enjoy the happy fortnight in a cottage home for which your fund provides the opportunity. Even in the case for which a change is urgently necessary there will, I fear, be many disappointments unless the public will give a larger measure of support to your efforts and those of the ladies and gentlemen who give the fund such invaluable voluntary assistance.

Arrangements are, I understand, already in progress in more than 1,000 villages for the reception of the children by foster fathers and mothers when the holidays begin, towards the close of this month.

To those who know, as I do, the home conditions of many of our humbler citizens in Central, East, and South London, the possibility of any reduction in the number of children who will have a chance of this happy and health-giving fortnight in the country this year can only be contemplated with dismay and profound regret.

I trust the response to your appeal may be such as to obviate disappointment in any single case in which such change is really required.—Yours, &c. W. J. COLLINS.

Apprenticeship of Poor Children

SIR,—The question of industrial training is now recognised to be one of national importance, and it seems probable that a system of apprenticeship, ensuring practical training in the workshop, and supplemented by attendance at technical classes, is that best adapted to produce efficient workpeople. Such training, however, is out of the reach of very many working-class boys and girls, unless the sum necessary for a premium can be advanced to them. In most cases they can and do repay it by small weekly instalments, but sometimes in exceptional cases (children of widows, the physically defective, &c.) the whole or part is given.

Premiums are necessary in most trades, both to secure wages during the earlier years of apprenticeship and to recoup employers for the spoiled material and teaching.

We have at present under our supervision 26 boy and 25 girl apprentices, besides 8 boys and 16 girls who have been placed as learners without indentures. If the work is to be continued unchecked, a sum of £1,000 is needed. Any contributions will be thankfully received, and should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, Miss M. K. Bradby, 45 Nelson Square, Blackfriars Road, S.E. Cheques and postal orders should be crossed to the Capital and Counties Bank, Limited, and made payable to the Warden.—Yours, &c.

HELEN GLADSTONE,

Warden of the Women's University Settlement, Southwark.

H. V. TOYNBEE,

Chairman of the Registry and Apprenticeship Committee of the above Settlement.

A Club for Booklovers

SIR,—It will be a pity if the ideas put forward in your last issue do not bear fruit. E. G. O. is by no means the only one who wants "a club for bookmen." His sketch of such a club reads charmingly. Will he not attempt to make it a reality? I write as one who will be glad to support him in every way, if he will make the attempt. If, as I anticipate, you receive other letters on the subject, would it not be possible to arrange an informal meeting of people to whom the idea of a club for bookmen appeals, at which we could discuss the possibility of forming such a club somewhat on the lines suggested by E. G. O.? More could be settled by an hour's talk than by reams of writing.—Yours, &c. G. R. C.

SIR,—The suggestion of a club for bookmen comes very appropriately from E. G. O., an Elian to the finger-tips. A dreamer, also, of great dreams, E. G. O.'s latest effort, I trust, will have a result other than imaginary, and be the means of rekindling literary friendships. Call it fanciful if you will: I incline to think that "The Elians," with its suggestion of an added caress, would savour equally sweet as the "Lambs Club." The living love of Elia prompts the desire of a cosy room—so admirably outlined by E. G. O.—for the study of Elianism. One matter of some little importance should be the appointing of the day upon which this dream dinner is to be held. I appeal to E. G. O. to appoint a day. Choose the day and select an hour. The little band of bookmen can then say to themselves, "To-morrow at 9 p.m. I dine with their 'ghostships,'" and lo! 9 o'clock finds us in the presence of those we have so wildly worshipped. . . . You are quite at liberty to give your imagination excellent exercise. E. G. O., I am sure, won't object, for I will prophesy he is already dreaming more wants; and, as for me—well, I'm too much disturbed by Egomet's remark about the will of the departed lover. To your bookman talking of wills suggests money, and—Narcissus is not the only one with book bills.—Yours, &c. O. GOWAN.

[Other letters on this subject held over.—Ed.]

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published. Questions must NOT be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference; this is not an information bureau.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest, and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk.

Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5/-. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months. One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

Questions

LITERATURE.

"DUCHESS OF PADUA."—Can anyone tell me if Wilde's "Duchess of Padua" was ever published? Also what anonymous works by O. W. were published under the name of "Sebastian Melmoth" subsequent to 1895. I do not allude to either "An Ideal Husband," "Woman of No Importance," or the "Ballad." Two of the works, I believe, were plays.—J. E. Dowie (Edinburgh).

*AUTHOR WANTED.—I should be glad if any of your readers could tell me who is the author of this passage, and to whom it refers? Am I right in thinking it refers to Ruskin? "Ancestry, disposition, and education are the three cardinal points determining the course and the consequence of human existence. Ancestry ranks first, for intellectual and moral greatness are hereditary, and though all great sons may not have had great fathers, the germ of their greatness lies somewhere in their families' past. In the quantity and quality of this inherited greatness, or, in other words, in disposition, the possibilities and attainments of the man are foreshadowed, for no one can rise above himself, nor become truly great, in any other orbit save the one fixed for him at birth, or correspondent to his bent and natural powers," &c.—D. F. Burgess.

*WINSTON CHURCHILL.—Not a little confusion has been caused owing to the fact that two authors bear the uncommon name of "Winston Churchill," the English M.P. and the American author of "Richard Carvel," &c. A leading journal of the North, with a high literary reputation, in reviewing one of the American Winston Churchill's novels a year or two ago, made the almost unpardonable blunder of attributing it to the member for Oldham. The latter will no doubt derive his Christian name from his ancestor, Sir Winston Churchill, father of the great Duke of Marlborough. Has the American "Winston" any distant connection with the Marlborough family, or, if not, is it known how he derived his Christian name?—Thomas Jones (Oldham).

"VIVE LA BAGATELLE!"—In the Preface to his "Idris" C. M. Wieland says that Dean Swift's motto was "Vive la bagatelle!" Where is a reference to this in the works of Swift?—Bohemia.

GENERAL.

FLOWER SPECTRUM.—Bulwer Lytton, in his short story entitled "The Haunted and the Haunters," makes the following statement: "A flower perishes; you burn it. Whatever were the elements of that flower while it lived are gone, dispersed, you know not whither; you can never discover or re-collect them. But you can by chemistry, out of the burnt dust of that flower, raise a spectrum of the flower, just as it seemed in life." Is there any truth in this extraordinary statement?—Botanic.

HAYLING ISLAND.—In Triggs' Guide to Hayling Island it says: "Under the ancient charters, from Henry I. downwards, the inhabitants of Hayling are exempt from serving on juries at the Sessions and Assizes; and upon a question which arose some years since at Winchester with reference to the exemption, the late Mr. Padwick appeared by counsel, and future attendance was excused." Can anyone say why Hayling should have this privilege, and what was the origin of it?—Charles H. M. Pennycook (Brighton).

MAGDALENE COLLEGE.—Why is Magdalene, as the name of the college at Cambridge, spelt with a final e, and Magdalen College, at Oxford, without?—M.A.C. (Cambridge).

Answers

SHAKESPEARE.

"SHAKESPEARE'S UNACTED PLAYS."—A reference to the production of thirty-one plays of Shakespeare by the late Samuel Phelps at Sadler's Wells between 1844 and 1862 disposes of your correspondent's question with respect to all but the following plays: (a) The First Part of "Henry VI." This was played at Covent Garden in 1758. (b) "Troilus and Cressida." Dryden's adaptation of this play was produced at Dorset Gardens in 1679. (c) "Titus Andronicus." Ravenscroft's adaptation of this play was produced at Drury Lane in 1678. (d) "Richard II." This play has a long stage history, and has been recently revived. (e) (f) The Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI." Portions of these plays were employed in the First and Second Parts of Crowne's "Henry VI." (played in 1681), in the elder Cibber's well-known version of "Richard III.," and in the younger Cibber's "Henry VI." (played in 1725). As "The Two Noble Kinsmen"

has been attributed to Shakespeare and Fletcher, it is of interest to note, in view of the tradition which connects the names of Shakespeare and Davenant, that an alteration of this play was made by Davenant and entitled "The Rivals," and that it was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields before 1668.—George Newall.

LITERATURE.

AUTHOR FOUND.—

"Many voices spake—
The river to the lake;"

The lines quoted by F. E. Ross are in George MacDonald's novel "Robert Falconer"; but a note to that volume tells us that none of the poems in it (with one exception) are by Dr. MacDonald himself. The poem is also included in "A Threefold Cord: Poems by Three Friends," edited by George MacDonald, but the other two friends are anonymous.—Shargar.

*ELLESMEERE.—I think Ruskin in the passage quoted must be referring to Ellesmere, a character or interlocutor in the writings of Sir Arthur Helps. I cannot point to the passage, but Ellesmere will be found in "Friends in Council" and "Realism."—T.F.W.

"LUXURY OF GRIEF."—Is not this the popular misquotation of Moore's expression in his Anacreontic verses?

Weep on; and as thy sorrows flow
I'll taste the luxury of woe.—S.C.

TRACTS FOR THE TIMES.—With regard to a correspondent's question as to the authors of the "Tracts for the Times," the list below is, I believe, a correct one.

No. Author	No. Author	No. Author	No. Author
1. Newman	24. Harrison	47. Newman	71. Newman
2. "	25. [Beveridge]	48. [Wilson]	72. [Ussher]
3. "	26. "	49. Harrison	73. Newman
4. Keble	27. [Cosin]	50. [Wilson]	74. "
5. Bowden	28. "]	51. R. F. Wilson	75. "
6. Newman	29. Bowden	52. Keble	76. "
7. "	30. "	53. [Wilson]	77. Pusey
8. "	31. Newman	54. Keble	78. Manning and
9. Froude	32. Eden	55. [Wilson]	79. Marriott
10. Newman	33. Newman	56. Bowden	80. Williams
11. "	34. "	57. Keble	81. Pusey
12. Thos. Keble	35. Froude and	58. Bowden	82. Newman
13. Keble	Perceval	59. Froude	83. "
14. Menzies	36. Perceval	60. Keble	84. Thos. Keble
15. Newman and	37. [Wilson]	61. Buller	and Prevost
Palmer	38. Newman	62. [Wilson]	85. Newman
16. Harrison	39. [Wilson]	63. Froude	86. Williams
17. "	40. Keble	64. [Bull]	87. "
18. Pusey	41. Newman	65. [Wilson]	88. [Andrewes]
19. Newman	42. [Wilson]	66. Pusey	translated by
20. "	43. Thos. Keble	67. "	Newman
21. "	44. [Wilson]	68. "	89. Keble
22. Thos. Keble	45. Newman	69. "	90. Newman
23. Perceval	46. [Wilson]	70. [Wilson]	

For an explanation of the intricate bibliography of Nos. 67-70, see "Life of Pusey," by Liddon, Vol. iv. p. 367.—Horace C. Higham.

GENERAL.

"BEAU IDEAL."—In this sense the word *beau* is the substantive and *idéal* the adjective qualifying the same.—E. Hoffmann (Brussels).

*COCKATRICE—TREK.—Is it certain that the root of *trecho* is identical with that of *traho*? It would seem so by the analogy of *veho* and *echo*; but I can find no authority, and the change of meaning is noticeable. White and Riddle's Latin Dictionary gives "etym. dub." s.v. *traho*. Unless this is so, I do not quite see why your correspondent, A. Hall, in his learned note on "The Cockatrice," connects "Boer trek" with *trecho*. *Trek* (ken) means "to draw," whether a waggon or a barge towed by horses (*trekchuit*), and has obviously the same root as *traho*. The South African meaning of "travelling" in general (cf. "Wat jou goed en trek, Ferreira!") arose from the ox-waggon being the most usual means of conveyance.—A. Werner.

*"GOD BLESS YOU."—Some Catholics attribute to St. Gregory the use of the benediction "God bless you" after sneezing, and say that he enjoined its use during a pestilence in which sneezing was a mortal symptom, and was therefore called "the death-sneeze." Aristotle mentions a similar custom among the Greeks, and Thucydides tells us that sneezing was a crisis-symptom of the great Athenian plague. The Romans followed the same custom, and we also find it prevalent in the New World among the native Indian tribes in Senaar, Monomastapa.—H.M.W.

"TANSY."—Tansy, *tanacetum vulgare*, is a perennial herb with acrid strong-scented leaves and small yellow flowers; also the name of a pudding or cake made with eggs, cream, sugar, rose-water, and the juice of tansy, to which that of spinach, sorrel, or other herbs was sometimes added. It is found in Strype (1643-1737): "Fridays and Saturdays . . . we have fish at dinner and tansy or pudding for supper" (Ellis's Lit. Letters, p. 178). The custom of eating *tansy* pudding and *tansy* cake at Easter is of very ancient origin, and was no doubt to be traced to the Jewish custom of eating cakes made with bitter herbs (Numb. ix. 11), but, to take from it any Jewish character, at a very early date it became the custom to eat pork or bacon with the cakes.—M.A.C.

TANSY.—Tansy is a plant to be found in old-fashioned gardens. It is used to flavour custards, and tansy pudding was eaten at Easter.—T.F.W.

HENRY III.—That Henry III. lived on the Church's *alms* was surely a euphemism, unless the allusion was to the fact that whilst still a minor, in 1216, he spent Christmas at Winchester, the expenses of the court being borne by the Bishop, Peter des Roches. Probably, however, the reference is to the numerous occasions on which Henry extorted money from the clergy. In 1227 he forced them to pay a fifteenth, in 1235 a tenth, and in 1257 he demanded a tenth of the ecclesiastical revenues for two years. On this last occasion the bishops unwillingly granted him 52,000 marks, stipulating at the same time for the observance of the Great Charter.—M.A.C.

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Messrs. Clarkson & Griffiths, 162 Deansgate, Manchester.

WANTED, FOR SALE, AND IN EXCHANGE—Continued from page xi.

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[Continued on 3rd page of cover.]

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Les deux femmes dont le héros est tour à tour amoureux sont extrêmement dissemblables : l'une, Jennie, franche, simple, loyale ; l'autre, Rachel, artificielle, compliquée, fantasque, et toutes deux capables d'aimer et de souffrir. Mais l'auteur a poussé plus à fond le caractère du beau Federan, l'éternel séducteur éternellement séduit. Il a eu d'innombrables amourettes, et toujours il faut que son cœur soit pris ; il voit Jennie, elle est belle, vite il lui donne son cœur et il n'a jamais aimé personne comme elle ; puis, dans un duo équivoque, il subit malgré lui l'influence physique immédiate de la troublante Rachel et il sent, il sait qu'il renoncera à son amour de la veille. Bien mieux, s'il n'était pas élevé dans le respect de la monogamie, il garderait ses deux amours ; il les ajouterait à ses amours passés et il ne cessera tant qu'il vivra d'ajouter l'amour d'aujourd'hui aux amours de tous les hiers. Mais le public s'insurgerait s'il devinait trop clairement ces conclusions et Mrs. Craigie en mariant Federan et Rachel ne nous dit pas qu'il lui sera fidèle ni qu'elle l'aimera toujours. Et cette incertitude est presque une conviction."

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